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10:46



corruption

depression

allegorys

11 0 1

### Chapter 1 by Time Travelers

We appeared suddenly in a street with large buildings on either side of us. It was a lot like New York City, only it wasn't. The streets were dead silent, and not a single window, door, or shutter was open. The buildings were all dank and grey, with the paint peeling off.

"Where is everyone?" I asked nervously, sensing this is not how the place usually looked.

"They're here" She replied, "In the windows, look"

Looking closer I could now see eyes peering around curtains in the windows. The eyes were all dull and tired, yet the feeling of uneasiness and panic could be felt blowing through the air.

Looking up at Angelica the sudden realization of what was actually occurring hit me dead in the chest. One moment I was in my grandmothers house, and now I was here in the heart of despair and desperation. All I wanted to do was run. But instead felt my legs turn to lead. Collapsing in a heap below the rest of my body. My breathing suddenly became raspy, and every breath feels like its own individual struggle. Shit, I'd thought my asthma was getting better. Or maybe it was simply the fact that i was having a panic attack along with it. Either way I felt my head getting lighter, and suddenly I was surrounded by cool black air.

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